Accessions
151,359

Shelf No.
G 4036.2

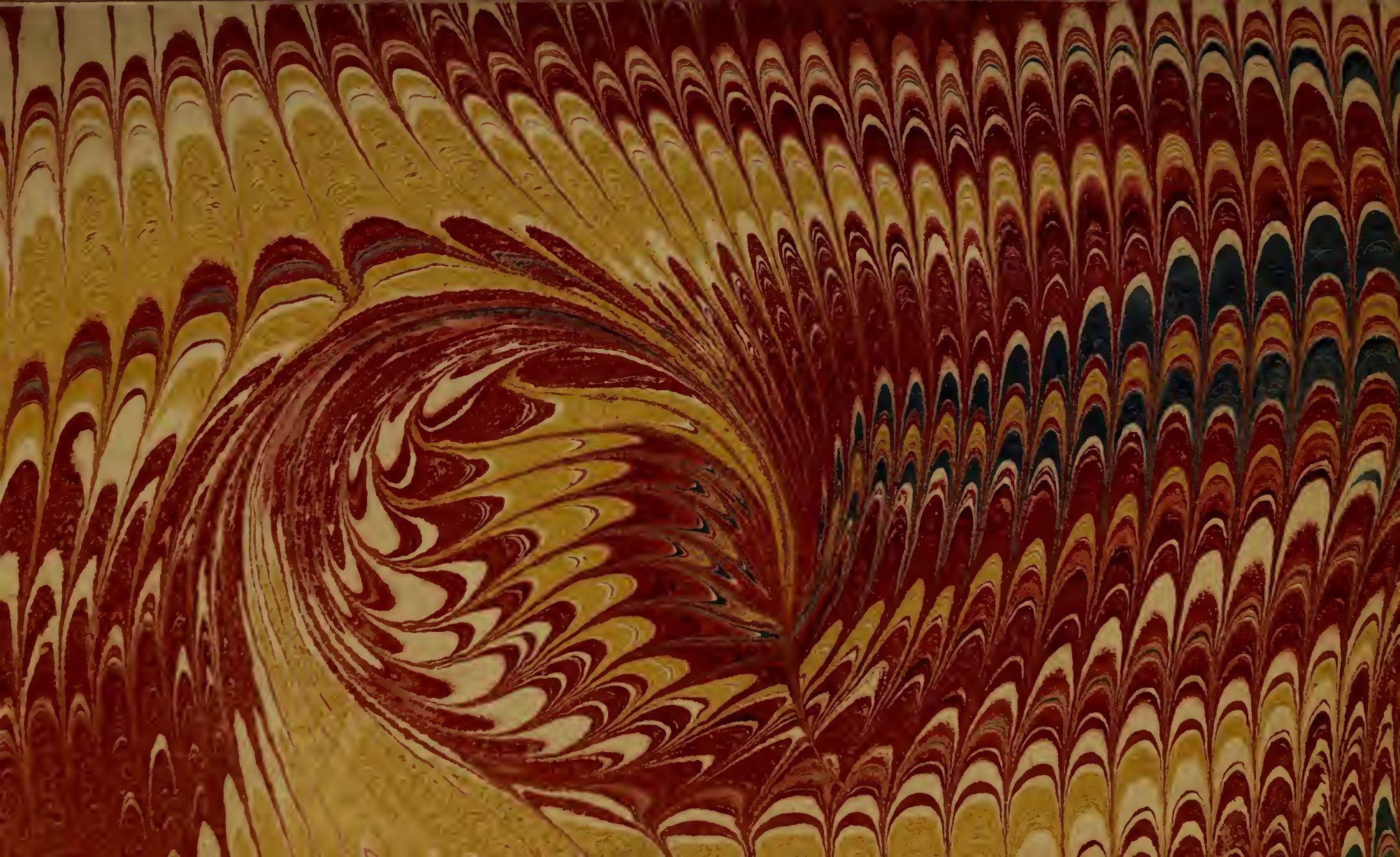
Barton Library. Vol. 8.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakeſpear.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.
THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLVII.

G.4036
.2
v.8

157,357
Aug. 1873

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*
Bassianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a Noble* Roman, *General against the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus Andronicus *the Tribune.*
Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a* Moor, *belov'd by* Tamora.
Æmilius, *a* Roman.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse with a black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE Rome, *and the Country near it.*

Titus

* TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his followers at one door, and* Baſſianus *and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms:
And countrymen my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am the firſt-born ſon of him that laſt
Wore the imperial diadem of *Rome:*
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baſ. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right;
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:

* This is one of the Plays which ought not to be look'd upon to be of *Shakeſpear*'s compoſition. By giving it the credit of a few of his lines inſerted here and there he got the diſcredit of writing the whole.

But

But let deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft with the crown.*

Mar. Princes, that ſtrive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery!
Know that the people of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In free election for the *Roman* empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, ſur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous *Goths*,
That with his ſons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoak'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field.
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks, to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do affie
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his ſons,
And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,

Commit

Commit my cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd. [*Exe. Soldiers.*
Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my ſelf, my perſon and the cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.
Baſ. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*They go up into the Senate-houſe.*

SCENE II. *Enter a Captain.*

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoak the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius *and* Marcus: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black*; *then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *priſoners*; *Soldiers, and other Attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and* Titus *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy, for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
Theſe that ſurvive, let *Rome* reward with love;
Theſe that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial among their anceſtors.

Here

Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my ſword:
Titus unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of *Styx?*
Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*They open the tomb.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars:
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones:
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoak?
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.

Tit. Patient your ſelf, Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice;

To

To this your ſon is markt, and die he muſt,
T' appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean conſum'd.
[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.
Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*.
Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſurvive
To tremble under *Titus*' threatning looks.
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal
The ſelf-ſame Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* * tyrant in her tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,
And intrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoak, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought but to interr our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.
[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe: but ſilence and eternal ſleep:
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

* *Polymneſtor*, whoſe eyes were pull'd out and ſons murder'd by *Hecuba*, in revenge for his having treacherouſly ſlain her ſon *Polydore*. *Euripid.* in *Hec.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and father live in fame!
Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome.*
O bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly preſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live, out-live thy father's days,
In fame's eternal date for virtue's praiſe!

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome!*

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus.*

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:
Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, in their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperor's ſons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome.*

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What ſhould I don this robe and trouble you?
Be choſe with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,

Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtain the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell?
Tit. Patience, prince *Saturnine!*
Sat. *Romans*, do me right!
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince, I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay, *Long live our Emperor!*
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And ſay, *Long live our Emperor* Saturnine!

[*A long flouriſh 'till they come down.*

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And for an onſet, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empereſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred *Pantheon* her eſpouſe:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in ſight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I conſecrate
My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners;
Preſents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you priſoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your honour and your ſtate
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, truſt me, of the hue [*To* Tamora.
That I would chuſe, were I to chuſe anew:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in *Rome*:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord, ſith true Nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſie.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.

Ran-

Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free;
Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.
Baſ. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.
Tit. How, Sir? are you in earneſt then, my Lord?
Baſ. Ay noble *Titus*; and reſolv'd withal,
To do my ſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*
Mar. Suum cuique is our *Roman* juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my Lord; *Lavinia* is ſurpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?
Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit* Baſſianus *with* Lavinia.

SCENE IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſecure.
Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My Lord, you paſs not here.
Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'ſt me my way in *Rome?* [*He kills him.*
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help.
Luc. My Lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine.
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traitor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock;
I'll truſt by leiſure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a ſtale of
But *Saturnine?* full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymenæus* ſtands,)
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in ſight of heav'n to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet* Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.

Mar. O *Titus*, ſee, oh, ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

Tit. No, fooliſh Tribune, no: no ſon of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe confederates in the deed,

That

That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in his tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome*'s servitors
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.
Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not well himself, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.
[*The brother and the sons kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,——
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,——
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul!
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself; and wise *Laertes*' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe——
The diſmall'ſt day is this that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in *Rome:*
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the Tomb.*
Luc. There lye thy bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
[*They all kneel, and ſay,*
No man ſhed tears for noble *Mutius!*
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cauſe.
Mar. My Lord, to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*
Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with the* Moor *at one door. At the other door* Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride!
Baſ. And you of yours, my Lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
Baſ. Rape call you it, my Lord, to ſeize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very ſhort with us,
But if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My Lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,

With

With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently, for all;
And at my ſuit (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.

Sat. What, Madam, be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not ſo, my Lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you:
But, on my honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeaks his griefs:
Then at my ſuit look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt, [*Aſide.*
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people and patricians too
Upon a juſt ſurvey take *Titus*' part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous ſin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raſe their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.——
Come, come, ſweet Emperor — come, *Andronicus*— [*Aloud.*
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart,

That

That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe, my Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your Majeſty, and her; my Lord,
Theſe words, theſe looks, infuſe new life in me.
Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords; and you, *Lavinia*,
By my advice all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his Majeſty.
Luc. We do, and vow to heav'n, and to his Highneſs,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperor, we muſt all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet-heart, look back.
Sat. *Marcus*, for thy ſake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.
Tit. To-morrow, an it pleaſe your Majeſty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROME. *Enter* Aaron *alone.*

Aar. NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or light'ning-flaſh,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach;
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſt'ring coach,
And overlooks the higheſt peering hills:
So *Tamora.*
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron,* arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to *Aaron*'s charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus.*
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait upon, ſaid I? to wanton with
This Queen, this Goddeſs, this *Semiramis;*
This *Syren,* that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine,*
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla, what ſtorm is this?

SCENE II. *Enter* Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for ought thou know'ſt, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt overween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for *Lavinia*'s love.

Aar.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ah, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
So near the Emp'ror's palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome.*
For shame put up.
Chi. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward! thou thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords —— and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware —— and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Dem. Aaron, a thouſand deaths
Would I propoſe, to atchieve her whom I love.

Aar. To atchieve her — how!

Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and eaſie it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Tho' *Baſſianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?

Aar. Why then it ſeems ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.

Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.

Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye — and are you ſuch fools
To ſquare for this? would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. No, nor me.

Aar. For ſhame be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſte
Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*' love;

A ſpeedier courſe than ling'ring languiſhment
Muſt ye purſue, and I have found the path.
My Lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred wit
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes height advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the houſe of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in *Lavinia*'s treaſury.

Chi. Thy council, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Foreſt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal
That all the Court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort has inſpir'd.

Wind

Wind horns. Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?

Lav. Why, I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our *Roman* hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Aaron *alone.*

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him who thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy;
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the Empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron,* wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The ſnake lyes rolled in the chearful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron,* let us ſit,
And whilſt the babling Echo mocks the hounds,

Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wand'ring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave,
We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber,
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, Madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns?
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee)
This is the day of doom for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt loſe her tongue to-day,
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus'* blood.
Seeſt thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted ſcrowl;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet *Moor*, ſweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empreſs; *Baſſianus* comes;
Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Baſſianus *and* Lavinia.

Baſ. Whom have we here? *Rome*'s royal Empereſs?
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?

Or

Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was *Actæon*'s, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.
Luv. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
Luv. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sauciness.——I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.
Luv. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale you see it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'er-come with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never ſhines the ſun, here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon. [*Stabs* Baſſianus.

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
[*Stabs him.*

Lav. Ay, come, *Semiramis*,—nay, barbarous *Tamora*,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted cope ſhe braves your mightineſs;
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make this dead drunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the hony you deſire,
Let not this waſp out-live, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that ſure;
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours. *Lav.*

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman's face——
Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word—
Dem. Liſten, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O do not teach her wrath, ſhe taught it thee.
The milk thou ſuck'dſt from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou intreat her, ſhew a woman pity.
Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove my ſelf a baſtard?
Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me, though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my father's ſake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away and uſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life that I have beg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worſe-than-killing luſt,

And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee.
No; let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? ah beaſtly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confuſion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth——bring thou her huſband: [*Dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my ſons; ſee that ye make her ſure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Aaron *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleep.

Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promiſe you; were't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have the likely gueſs,
How theſe were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.

SCENE VII.

Mar. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From

From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?

Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.

Mar. To prove thou haſt a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone, and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Baſſianus* lyes embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon this bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' miſty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus*' grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more I will not loſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Emperor and* Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend

Into

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his Lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Here, *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus?*

Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor *Baſſianus* here lyes murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth* Saturninus *a letter.*

Saturninus *reads the letter.*

An if we miſs to meet him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus *'tis we mean,*
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murther'd *Baſſianus* here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide until we have devis'd

Some

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered!
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the fault be proved in them——)
Sat. If it be proved? you ſee it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murther'd body, ſome the murtherers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and raviſhed.*

Dem. So now go tell (an if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou haſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Marcus *to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; where is your huſband? ſay:

If

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As have thy love? why doſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſie lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leſt thou ſhou'dſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
(As from a conduit with three iſſuing ſpouts)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off
That could have better ſew'd than *Philomel*.
Oh had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue of thine hath often made,
He would have dropt his knife, and fall'n aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. HEAR me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[Andronicus *lyeth down, and the Judges pass by him.*
For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
My sons sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt.*
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood.

Enter Lucius *with his sword drawn.*

Oh reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,

The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.
Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead——
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you——
Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.——
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones,
Who, tho' they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft wax, Tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.
Tit. Oh happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderneſs of tygers?
Tygers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

SCENE II. *Enter* Marcus *and* Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to break:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.
Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe and look upon her;
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand

Hath

Hath made thee handleſs, in thy father's ſpight:
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy?*
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nilus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the ſervice I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* ſervice are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet melodious bird it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide her ſelf, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone:
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my ſoul ——!
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus*, ah, son *Lucius*, look on her;
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.
Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband.
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease;
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear niece; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs.

SCENE III. *Enter* Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy ſons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron!*
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the Emperor
My hand; good *Aaron*, wilt thou chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies caſk?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will uſe it. [*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never whilſt I live deceive men ſo.
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited? that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price,
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:
Their heads I mean.——Oh, how this villainy [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tit. O hear!—— I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n ſhall hear our prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fogs, as ſometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.

Mar. Oh brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe two extreams.

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If

If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea, hark how her ſighs do blow?
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Theſe miſeries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe!

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewel flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou doſt not ſlumber; ſee thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dire ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs, and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah now no more will I controul thy griefs,
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand

Gnaw-

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes;
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what task I have to do——
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made; come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and must not stay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet* Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,

To

To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

*SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Titus's *Houſe. A Banquet.*

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and the Boy* Lucius.

Tit. So, ſo, now ſit, and look you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt,
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns,
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea ſalt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I;
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands?
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the theme, no talk of hands,
Leſt we remember ſtill that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I ſquare my talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays,

* This ſcene is not in the old edition.

I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechleſs complaint —— O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And by ſtill practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments,
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.

Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'ſt my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus*' brother. Get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz laments and dolings in the air?
Poor harmleſs fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empreſs' *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the *Moor*
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.

There's

There's for thyself, and that's for *Tamora*:
Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
I'll to my closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's *House*.

Enter young Lucius *and* Lavinia *running after him, and the Boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter* Titus *and* Marcus.

Boy. HElp, grandsire, help! my aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she comes:
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:
See, *Lucius*, see how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory:
Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth, Which

Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Causeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia? Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or else to heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosses so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! See how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus*' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, see, note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see; ——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Mar. O why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durst do the deed;

Or

Or ſlunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece'* bed?

Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece; brother, ſit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or *Mercury,*
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My Lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia.*

[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good niece, and here diſplay at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the luſtful ſons of *Tamora,*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Regnator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia,* kneel,
And kneel, ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope,
And ſwear with me, (as with the woeful peer
And father of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece'* rape)
That we will proſecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous *Goths,*
And ſee their blood, ere die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake, and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,

And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And when ſhe ſleeps will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sybil*'s leaves abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? boy, what ſay you!

Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoak of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.
Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs' ſons
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.

Tit. No, boy, not ſo, I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,
Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd ſhield,
But yet's ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
Revenge, oh heav'ns, for old *Andronicus!* [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one door: and at another door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of weapons and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,

And

And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire well advis'd hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a ſcrowl, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.
Aar. Ay juſt, a verſe in *Horace*—right, you have it—
Now what a thing it is to be an aſs?
Here's no fond jeſt, th' old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reaſon, Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thouſand *Roman* dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

SCENE III. *Enter Nurſe with a Black-a-moor child.*

Nur. Good morrow, noble Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*
Aar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why what a caterwauling doſt thou keep;
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace.
She is deliver'd, Lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean that ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good reſt! what hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why then ſhe is the devil's dam:
A joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black and ſorrowful iſſue.
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Dem. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-ſpring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. *Aaron*, it muſt, the mother wills it ſo.

Aar.

Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcimitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands;
What, what, y'unſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly to the flood.
Tell the empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoak for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. *Rome* will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;
Fine treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, *Old Lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, Lords; ſenſibly fed

Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that womb where you impriſoned were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?

Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.

Aar. Then ſet we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*

Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?

Aar. Why, ſo, brave Lords, when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myſelf.
And no one elſe but the deliver'd Empreſs.

Aar. The Empreſs, the midwife, and yourſelf——
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid— [*He kills her.*
Week, week! ſo cries a pig prepar'd to th' ſpit.

Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron?* wherefore didſt thou this?

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my countryman,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark

Hark ye, my Lords, ye ſee I have given her phyſick,
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chi. *Aaron*, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feaſt on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Street near the Palace.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with bows, and* Titus *bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; kinſman, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight;
Terras Aſtræa reliquit —— be you remember'd, *Marcus* ——
She's gone, ſhe's fled —— Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets, haply you may find her in the ſea,
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land ——
No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt centre of the earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you to deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah *Rome!*—Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters, what?
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry for Justice, she is now employ'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in hea'vn, or somewhere else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* size,
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And sith there's no justice in earth or hell,
We will sollicit heaven, and move the Gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you —— here *ad Apollinem* ——
Ad Martem, that's for my self;
Here, boy, to *Pallas* —— here to *Mercury* ——
To *Saturn* and to *Cœlus* —— not to *Saturnine* ——

You

You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.
To it, boy *Marcus*, —— looſe thou when I bid:
O' my word I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſollicited.

Mar. Kinſman, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They ſhoot.*

Tit. Now, maſters, draw; oh well ſaid, *Lucius*;
Good boy in *Virgo*'s lap, give it to *Pallas.*

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, ha! what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou'ſt ſhot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the ſport, my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot;
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who ſhould find them but the Empreſs' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordſhip joy!

Enter a Clown with a baſket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice, what ſays *Jupiter?*

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he ſays that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what ſays *Jupiter*, I aſk thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the * tribunal plebs, to make up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

* He means to ſay, *tribunus plebis*,

Tit.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold — mean while here's mony for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clow, Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, *Marcus,* fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus,* let us go, *Publius,* follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus *shot.*

Sat. Why, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willful sons
Of old *Andronicus.* And what an if
His sorrows have so over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to *Jove,* and this to *Mercury,*
This to *Apollo,* this to the God of war:

Sweet

Sweat ſcrowls to fly about the ſtreets of *Rome*.
What's this but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
Th' effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt,
For theſe contempts—Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aſide.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clow. Yea forſooth, an your Miſterſhip be Emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*He reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clow. How much mony muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be born? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,

Have

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour ſhall ſhare privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that help'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius?*

Æmil. Arm, my Lords, arm; *Rome* never had more cauſe;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſon to old *Andronicus:*
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths?*
Theſe tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach;
'Tis he the common people love ſo much;
My ſelf have often over-heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private Man)
That *Lucius'* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not our city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens do favour *Lucius,*
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the ſun dim'd, that knats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody;
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of *Rome.*
Then cheer thy ſpirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus,*
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his ſon for us.
Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embaſſador, [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the Emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably;
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Æm. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, ſweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp, at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which ſignifie what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any ſcath,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.
Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'ſt;
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields;
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.
Omn. And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth?*

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron *with his Child in his arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf;
Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth!* this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Emperess:

If

If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.
Aar. And if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me my child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind, I ſay thy child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no God.
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as indeed I do not;
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath, (for that I know
An ideot holds his bauble for a God, [*Aſide.*
And keeps the oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him)——therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſoe'er it be
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh and bring him up,
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my God I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt know thou, I begot him on the Empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons that murder'd *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.

Luc. Oh moſt deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that Trimming?

Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd; And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh barbarous beaſtly villains like thy ſelf!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them: That codding ſpirit had they from their mother, As ſure a card, as ever won the ſet; That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head; Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole, Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And hid the gold within the letter mention'd, Confed'rate with the Queen and her two ſons. And what's elſe done that thou haſt cauſe to rue, Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't? I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand, And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart, And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter. I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall, When for his hand he had his two ſons heads, Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport, She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale, And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What, can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more. Ev'n now I curſe the day (and yet I think Few come within the compaſs of my curſe) Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill, As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death, Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it, Accuſe ſome innocent, and then forſwear My ſelf, ſet deadly enmity between Two friends, make poor mens cattle break their necks,

Se

Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends doors,
Ev'n when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot,
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near. ——
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome?*

Æm. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What ſays our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: away! march! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Titus's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *diſguis'd.*

Tam. Thus in theſe ſtrange and ſad habiliments
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:

Knock at the ſtudy, where they ſay he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough;
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tiring day and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from th' infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreckful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity or miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit.

Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee:
Lo by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtand;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a ſervile foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empreſs' ſons they are,
And you the Empreſs! but we worldly men
Have miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* Titus *from above.*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your ſpeech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for *Lucius* his ſon:
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy *Gothſ*,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful houſe;

Rapine

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
For well I wot, the Empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you repreſent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what ſhall we do?

Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, *Andronicus?*

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thy ſelf,
Good Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, ſtab him; he's a raviſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee do on them ſome violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius*, thy thrice-valiant ſon,
Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe.
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſs and her ſons,
The Emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this device?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother! 'tis ſad *Titus* calls:

Enter

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*;
Bid him repair to me; and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them;
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What ſay you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth, and ſpeak him fair, [*Aſide.*
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curſed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tamora.

Tit. I know thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel!

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine!*

Enter Publius *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye theſe two?

Pub. The Empreſs' ſons
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;

Oft

Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure. [*Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains forbear, we are the Empreſs' ſons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouths, let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? look that ye bind them faſt.

SCENE V.

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Baſon.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius!*
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly ſummer, with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her huſband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt;
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains! — for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilſt that *Lavinia* 'twixt her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls her ſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad —
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffin will I rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,

Receive

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feaſt.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Priſoner.*

Luc. Good uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befal what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil,
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings;
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong,
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave!
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſhew the Emperor is at hand.

SCENE VI.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy ſelf a ſun?
Mar. Rome's Emperor, and, nephew, break your parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a veil over her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord, welcome, dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, thou *Lucius*, welcome,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus.*
Tit. An if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were,
My Lord the Emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, aud deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reaſon, mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die! [*He kills her.*
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thy only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.

'Tis

'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſs my knife's ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed!
[*He ſtabs* Titus.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*,
By uprore ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let *Rome* her ſelf be bane unto her ſelf,
And ſhe whom mighty kingdoms curtſie to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on her ſelf.

Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erſt our anceſtor, [*To* Lucius.
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick *Dido*'s ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle *Greeks* ſurpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy*:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they they were that raviſhed our ſiſter:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
(The gates shut on me) and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus*' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans?*
Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,

Lucius

Lucius our Emperor: for well I know,
The common voice doth cry it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor!
Go, go into old *Titus*' ſorrowful houſe,
And hither hale that miſbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s gracious Governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans:* may I govern ſo,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk:
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon.
Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.
Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, ſo you did live again—
O Lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping—
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,

That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him;
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food;
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument:
As for that heineſs tygreſs *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity,
And being ſo, ſhe ſhall have like want of it.
See juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the ſtate,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *Sons to the King.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army,*
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, MENTETH, ANGUS CATHNESS, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young SIWARD *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE *in the end of the fourth Act lies in* England, *through the reſt of the Play in* Scotland, *and chiefly at* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Suppos'd to be true hiſtory; taken from Hector Boetius, *and other* Scotiſh *Chroniclers.*

MAC-

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battel's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, I come,
Grimalkin ——
2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls —— anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE II. *The Palace at* Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. That is the ſerjeant, who
Like a right good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'ſt leave it.
Cap. Doubtful long it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,

And

And choak their art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
With *Kerns* and *Gallow-glaſſes* was ſupply'd,
And fortune on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Shew'd like the rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
'Till he had fac'd the ſlave,
Who ne'er ſhook hands nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun gives his reflection, *
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping *Kerns* to truſt their heels,
But the *Norweyan* Lord ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons over-charg'd; with double cracks,
So they redoubled ſtroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell ——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help ——

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

* By this is meant the Rainbow the ſtrongeſt and moſt remarkable reflection of any the ſun gives.

Enter

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe.*

Len. What haſte looks through his eyes? ſo ſhould he look,
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange!

Roſſe. God ſave the King!

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*

Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at Saint * *Colmkil*-iſle,
Ten thouſand dollars, to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth.*

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won. [*Exe.*

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſtnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries. [quoth I.
Her huſband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,

* *Colmkil* is one of the weſtern Iſles of *Scotland*, otherwiſe call'd *Iona*.

I'll

I'll do —— I'll do —— and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ſhip-man's card ——
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid;
Weary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Forris*—What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips—You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?
1*Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*
2*Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*
3*Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhall be *King* hereafter.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
1 *Witch.* Hail!
2 *Witch.* Hail!
3 *Witch.* Hail!
1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none.
All-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*
1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more;
By * *Sinel*'s death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman; and to be *King*
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor.* Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting? — ſpeak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind——
Would they had ſtaid!

* The father of *Macbeth.*

Ban.

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root
That takes the reaſon priſoner?
Macb. Your children ſhall be Kings.
Ban. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?
Ban. To th' ſelf-ſame tune, and words; but who is here?

SCENE V. *Enter* Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of, what thy ſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came poſt on poſt, and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mach.

Macb. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aside.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains. [*To* Angus.
Do you not hope your children ſhall be Kings, [*To* Banquo.
When thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor.* But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word I pray you. [*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen —
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good — If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor.*
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
Againſt the uſe of nature? preſent feats.
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My Thought, whoſe murther's yet but fantaſy,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that Function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!
Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me [*Aſide*
Without my ſtir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.
Macb. Come what come may, [*Aſide.*
Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.
Ban. Worthy *Macbeth,* we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them —— let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time, [*To Ban.*
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons,
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abs'lute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O my moſt worthy couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude ev'n now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf. Your Highneſs' part

Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Shap'd tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, and *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs like ſtars ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—Hence to *Inverneſs*, [*To* Macbeth.
And bind us further to you.

Mach. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my ſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Mach. The Prince of *Cumberland!* — that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires,
Let no light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee! [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full of valour,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's *Caſtle, at* Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the King, who all hailed me* Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which title before theſe weïrd ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with* hail, King that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt partner of greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*—and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, *This thou muſt do if thou have it*;
And that's what rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſic aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſ. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, were't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;

Wh

Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, all you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters!
Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief. Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes,
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. Deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. Oh! never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee.
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters: to beguile the time
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,

Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Caſtle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd maſonry, that heaven's breath
Smells ſweet and wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid Godild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.
King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.
Lady. Your ſervants ever

Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with diſhes and ſervice over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Mach. If it were *done*, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination
Could tramell up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *here*,
Here only, on this bank and ſhoal of time;
W'd jump the life to come. But in theſe caſes
We ſtill have judgment *here*; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught return
To plague th' inventor: even-handed Juſtice
Returns th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed: then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blaſt, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind —I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps it ſelf,
And falls on th' other ſide.

SCENE X. *Enter Lady* Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady.

Lady. He hath almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which ſhould be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'th' adage.*

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were you would
Be ſo much more than man. Nor time, nor place
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail?——

Lady. We fail!

* The proverb here meant is this, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet.*

But

But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only: when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lye as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A hall in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

Ban. HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's huſbandry in heav'n,
Their candle's are all out. —— Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that natnre
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter

Enter Macbeth, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword:
Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to our officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By th' name of moſt kind hoſteſs, and's ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.

Ban. All's very well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weïrd ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exe.* Ban. *and* Fle.

SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable

As

As this which now I draw ——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt — I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. — There's no ſuch thing —
It is the bloody buſineſs which informs
This to mine eyes — Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt — Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of that we're about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it — Whilſt I threat, he lives — *
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter Lady* Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriekt, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night — he is about it —
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho!
Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

* ----- he lives,
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, &c.

And

And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't—My huſband!

Macb. I've done the deed—did'ſt not thou hear a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the owl ſcream and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lyes i'th' ſecond chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd, *Murther!*
They wak'd each other, and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſt them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bleſs us!* and *Amen* the other,
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
Liſt'ning their fear, I could not ſay *Amen*,
When they did ſay, *God bleſs us!*

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen?*
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought on
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth *doth murder ſleep; the innocent ſleep,* *
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.

Lady. What do you mean?

* ----- innocent ſleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of, &c.

Macb.

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more,* to all the houſe;
Glamis *hath murther'd ſleep, and therefore* Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more; Macbeth *ſhall ſleep no more!*

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane,*
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady, Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noiſe appalls me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather *
Make the green ocean red —

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

* ----- will rather
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnadine,
Making the green one red
Enter Lady Macbeth, &c.

Mach. T' unknow my deed, 'twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou could'ſt!
[*Exeunt.* *

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, *and Porter.*

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
—— Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*

* ..... would thou couldſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter a Porter.*

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'faith, here's an *Engliſh* tailor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in, tailor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?
Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock:
And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie laſt night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for this lie, and I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

SCENE, &c.

Mach.

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in * phyſicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſyings with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time: the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some ſay the earth
Was fev'rous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee ——

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece,
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you ſay? the life? ——

Len. Mean you his Majeſty? ——

Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake! awake! ——
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell —— murther! and treaſon! ——

* Heals *or* cures *pain*,

Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf —— up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image! *Malcolm! Donalbain!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror. —

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,*
Our royal maſter's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe? ——

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Are left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, *and* Donalbain.

Don. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found

Upon

Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
As no man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ——
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his goary blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance? there the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [*Seeming to faint.*
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look there to the Lady:
[*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.
Macb. So do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th' hall together.
All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but* Mal. *and* Don.

Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Without the Caſtle.*

Enter Roſſe, *with an old Man.*

Old Man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Its own life's means. Why then it is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan*'s body?

Macd. Carried to * *Colmkil*,
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well! may you see things well done there! adieu.
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old. M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THou hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weïrd women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,

* *Colmkil* is one of the western Isles of *Scotland*, otherwise call'd *Jona*.

But

But that my ſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine,
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but huſh, no more.
Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

Ban. Lay your Highneſs'
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.

Fare-

Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone: till then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

SCENE II. *Manent* Macbeth *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us—To be thus, is nothing;
[*Exit Servant.*
But to be ſafely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid
Antony's was by *Cæſar*'s. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him; then prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I 'fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings; the ſeed of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather than ſo, come fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance! — who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murtherers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there 'till we call. [*Exit Servant.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb.

Macb. Well then, now
You have conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conf'rence, paſt in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how croſt; the inſtruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things elſe that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, *Thus did* Banquo.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did ſo, and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it:
And I will put the buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your enemy.
Mur. True, my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop; but wail his fall
Whom I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.
2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives ——
Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. In this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o' th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace: (always thought
That I require a clearneſs) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his ſon that keeps him company,
(Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Than is his father's) muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.
Mur. We are reſolv'd.
Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Ser.

Ser. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis better to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? things without remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf, whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lye
In reſtleſs ecſtaſie. —— *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my Lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo I pray be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*.
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizards t' our hearts, diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. Oh! full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecat*'s summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invinsible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Park, the Castle at a Distance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us.
3 *Mur. Macbeth.*
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers [*Speaking to the first.*
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.
Banquo within. Give light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' Court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile:

But he does uſually, ſo all men do,
From hence to th' palace gate make it their walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They aſſault* Banquo.

Ban. Oh treachery! fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave! [*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room of State in the Caſtle.*

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down:
And firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt:
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends.
For my heart ſpeaks, they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their heart's thanks.
Both ſides are even; here I'll ſit i'th midſt;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round —— There's blood upon thy face,

[*To the Murtherer aſide at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than him within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good,

That

That did the like for *Fleance:* if thou did'ſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the caſing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe?——
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown ſerpent lyes: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear thee our ſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is cold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſawce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *plate.*
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't pleaſe your Highneſs ſit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent ——
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!
Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe't your Highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full. [*Starting*
Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my Lord?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man? [*To* Macb. *aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.
Lady. Proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*Aſide.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors of true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it ſelf! ——
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Pr'ythee ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I? if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.
Lady. Fie for ſhame!
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I forgot ——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full ——
I drink to th' general Joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miſs,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [*The Ghoſt riſes again.*
Macb. Avant, and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,
And dare me to the deſart, with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why ſo, —— be gone ——
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With moſt admir'd diſorder. [
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And over-come us like a ſummer's cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? you make me ſtrange
Ev'n at the diſpoſition that I owe,
Now when I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe,
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!

Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they ſay blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs that underſtood relations have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a *Thane* of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weïrd ſiſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good;
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as going o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young in deeds. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat'?* you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,

Was

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd: my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within:* Come away, come away, *&c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Lenox *and another Lord.*

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*——marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
You cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*

To kill their gracious father, damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth?* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay
He has born all things well, and I do think
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As an't pleaſe heav'n he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance.*
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of *Duncan,*
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the *Engliſh* Court, and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward,* with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland,* and warlike *Siward;*
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated the King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the Court of *England,* and unfold

His

His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* THrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch. Harper* crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*

Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights haſt, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew:*
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;

Finger

Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i' th' gains:
And now about the cauldron ſing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white.
Blue ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE II. *Enter* Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret black and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How-e'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though caſtles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Ev'n 'till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch*

2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if th'hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: greaſe that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*
Apparition of an armed Head riſes.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power ——
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!*—
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*—diſmiſs me—enough— [*Deſcends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more ——
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*
Apparition of a bloody child riſes.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunder.*
Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.
What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King.
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:

Macbeth

Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, untill
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunſinane*'s high hill
Shall come againſt him.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellion's head, riſe never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* riſe; and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! let me know,
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this? [*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, the laſt holding a glaſs in his hand: with* Banquo *following them.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls.——And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the firſt——
A third is like the former, filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?——A fourth? Start eye!——
What, will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of doom?——
Another yet?——A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee
That twofold balls and treble ſceptres carry.
Horrible ſight! nay, now I ſee 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come

Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The Witches dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?——Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accurſed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird ſiſters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word, *Macduff* is fled to *England.*

Macb. Fled to *England?*

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to th' edge o'th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before the purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Macduff's *Caſtle at* Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. Deareſt couſin,
I pray you ſchool your ſelf; but for your huſband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' time. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know't our ſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
'T ſhall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?
Son. On what I get, and ſo do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird, thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying. [for.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead? how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here? hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
To do less, to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay I'ad done no harm?—— what are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you.

[*Exit Lady* Macduff *crying murther; Murtherers purſue her.*

SCENE IV.

The King of England's *palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome diſconſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and like good men
Beſtride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.

Mal What I believe. I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young, but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me; 'tis wiſdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be no offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But yet for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know *
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state

* This conference of *Malcolm* with *Macduff* is taken out of the chronicles of *Scotland*.

Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In ills to top *Macbeth.*
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaritious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of each ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*
Than ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold: the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that were I King
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels and this other's houſe,
And my more-having would be as a ſawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Strikes deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-teeming luſt; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will

Of

Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Sow'r the ſweet milk of concord into hate,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!*

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. Oh nation miſerable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again,
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. O my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over credulous haſte; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction: and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet

Unknown

Unknown to women, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life; my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward*, with ten thouſand warlike men
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and our chance, in goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE V. *Enter a Doctor.*

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heav'n
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwol'n and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal.

Mal. My country-man; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſie: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom? and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps
Dying or e'er they ſicken.
Macd. Relation, oh! too nice, and yet too true.
Mal. What is the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the life! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What? concern-they
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too! ——
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence: my wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I've ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.
What, all my pretty ones? did you ſay all?
What, all? *
Mal. Endure it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall:

* -----oh hell kite! what all!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Endure it, &c.

But

But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: heav'n reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword; let grief
Convert to wrath, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my ſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo you! here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and, upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damn'd ſpot; out, I ſay —— one; two; why then 'tis time to do't —— hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—— yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?——no more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale——I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More need ſhe the Divine than the Phyſician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo good-night.
My mind ſhe'as mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at diſtance.

Enter Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Siward*'s ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;

Some ſay he's mad: others that leſſer hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cin of the ſickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm?*
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
Fear not, Macbeth; *no man that's born of woman*
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Fly, falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures!
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loun!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?

Ser. There are ten thouſand ——

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser.

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—*Seyton!*—I'm sick at heart,
When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the seer, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh is hack'd;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:
Send out more horses, skirr the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to minds diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it—

Come, put my armour on, give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me ——
Come, Sir, diſpatch — If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay —
What rubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence? hear'ſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Aſide. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Birnam *Wood*.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching*.

Mal. Couſin, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Siw.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V. DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not * 'forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſurfeited with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts
Cannot now ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſky † death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

* For *re-inforc'd.*

† *Dusky graves* Rich. III. p. 245. and the infernal God is call'd *dusky* Dis, Temp. 47.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. My gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which, I'd ſay, I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay it, Sir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*Striking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive
'Till famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou do'ſt for me as much.——
I pull in reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not, 'till* Birnam *wood*
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane.* Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a weary of the ſun,
And wiſh the ſtate o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before* Dunſinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my couſin, your right noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battel. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd.

Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But bear-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*Fight, and young* Siward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman;
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kerns*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be——
By this great clatter one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord; the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal.

Mal. We've met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword; whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my ſword. Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunſinane*,

And

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, *Macduff*,
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarum.*

SCENE VIII.

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Roſſe, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my Lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
So God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where
Th' uſurper's curſed head; the time is free: [ſtands
I ſee thee compaſt with thy kingdom's peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of *Scotland!* hail!
All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal.

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what's needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lyes the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps, and that's the quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come* ——
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave pavilions. Priam's *ſix gates i'th' city,*
Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
And Antenorides, *with maſſy ſtaples*
And correſponſive and full-filling bolts,
Sperr up the ſons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument;
To tell you (fair beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: ſtarting thence away
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM,
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS
ÆNEAS,
PANDARUS,
ANTENOR,
A baſtard ſon of Priam,
} TROJANS.

AGAMEMNON,
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
MENELAUS,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THERSITES,
CALCHAS,
} GREEKS.

HELEN, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* Hector.
CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in Love with* Troilus.
ALEXANDER, *Servant to* Creſſida.
Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

The Story originally written by Lollius *an old* Lombard *Author, and ſince by* Chaucer.

It is alſo found in an old Engliſh *Story-book of the three deſtructions of* Troy, *from which many of the circumſtances in this Play are borrow'd, they being to be found no where elſe.*

Troilus

* Troilus *and* Creſſida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Priam's *Palace within the walls of* Troy, *but ſuppoſed to have a ſituation a little diſtant from the reſt of the City.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

Troi. CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſo cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan* that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

* Before this Play of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* printed in 1609 is a Bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the Play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without *Shakeſpear*'s knowledge from a copy that had fallen into the Bookſeller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the firſt of our Author's Plays: But on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned Preface that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations, both moral and politick (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) ſeems to confirm that opinion.

Pan. Ay, the girding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth not leſs blench at ſufferance than I do:
At *Priam*'s royal table I do ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! — when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart
As wedg'd with a ſigh would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s—well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But for my part ſhe is my kinſwoman, I would not (as they term it) praiſe her — but I would ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but ——

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus* ——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd.
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love: thou anſwer'ſt, *ſhe is fair*;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe — O that! her hand!
In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnets down is harſh, to th' ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'ſt me,

As

As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not an ſhe were a black-a-moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father: let her go to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*——

Pan. 'Pray you ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end, [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides. *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus*—O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandarus*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes a pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th'field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if, *would I might!* were, *may*.
But to the ſport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Between the Palace and the City.*

Enter Creſſida *and a Servant, named* Alexander.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer,
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs-dight,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*,
A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular Additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and of no uſe; or a purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man (that makes me ſmile) make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus.*

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus.*

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid:* what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander.*—How do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium?* *

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium? Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

* *Throughout this Play the name of* Ilium *ſeems to be given only to the palace of* Priam.

Pan.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter!* there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus.*

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay, for I am ſure he is not *Hector.*

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus!* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. On condition I had gone bare-foot to *India.*

Cre. He is not *Hector.*

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; would he were himſelf! well, the Gods are above, time muſt friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well! I would my heart were in her body — no, *Hector* is not a better man, than *Troilus.*

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, neice; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither ——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*'s

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him about his complexion as higher than his, he having colour enough, the other higher is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſt window; and you know he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why you know 'tis dimpled. I think his ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, as 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then — but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus?* why, he eſteems her no more, than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair, that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris* my huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt. *

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep you as 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, as 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them as they paſs towards *Ilium*? good neice, do, ſweet neice *Creſſida*.

* *See a note in The Merry Wives of* Windſor, p. 190.

Cre.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas *paſſes over the Stage.*

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man; he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the Stage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*; he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon; when comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the reſt ſhall have none.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector!* look how he looks: there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there: there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they ſay; there he hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godſlid, it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:* look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who ſaid he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha! would I could ſee *Troilus* now; you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*—I think he went not forth to-day; that's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel where *Troilus* is: hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, neice—hem—brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, neice, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, and a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris? Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus.* Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece.*

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus.*

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſie, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: at all theſe wards I lye, and at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another! ——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt he be hurt. Fare thee well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle ——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is, *command*; ungain'd, *beſeech*.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content * firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

* By *Content* here is meant *Capacity*.

SCENE V.

Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Aga. Princes,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs; checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd:
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand;
Sith every action, that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works,
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for there, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem'd all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs or matter, by it ſelf
Lyes rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lyes the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way

With

With thoſe of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oak,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key
Replies to chiding fortune.*
Ulyſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life, [*To* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches, which were ſuch
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecian* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Though great and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.
Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,

* It is ſaid of the Tyger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly.

Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.
Ulyſ. *Troy* yet upon her baſis had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To which the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heav'ns themſelves, the planets and this center,
Obſerve *degree*, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny!
What raging of the ſea! ſhaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure! when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
Then enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
But by *degree*, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but *degree* away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters

Would

Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice preſides,
Would loſe their names, and ſo would juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This chaos, when *degree* is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this negleƈtion of *degree* is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.

Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lyes mocking our deſigns. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward aƈtion
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,

Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting player, whoſe conceit
Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd;
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries, *excellent! 'tis* Agamemnon *juſt!*
Now play me Neſtor —— *hum, and ſtroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done — as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, *excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right! now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget
Shake in and out the rivet —— at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!* —— *enough,* Patroclus ——
Or, *give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all*
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Sev'rals and gen'rals though of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,

Bold as an oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.
Ulyſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war,
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
For that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſs calls them on, and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work-mapp'ry, cloſet war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide its execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*
What trumpet? look *Menelaus.*
Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*

Which

Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers are free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove*'s accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your ſelf *Æneas?*
Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.
Æne. And I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The Trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is ruſty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,

That

That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in profeſſion
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dares avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;——even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.

Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandſire ſuck'd; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecion* hoſt
One nobleman that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world, his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſ. Amen!

Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Your

Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſ. *Neſtor!*

Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſ. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:
And in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes,
It is moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen

The

The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector* iſſues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil
As 'twere from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſ. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell; if not, why ſtill
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt men. No, make a lott'ry,
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But hit or miſs,

Our

Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax imploy'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

Ajax. THERSITES!

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had biles — full, all over generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites!

Ther. And thoſe biles did run — ſay ſo — did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, can'ſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you whinnid'ſt baven, ſpeak, or I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but I think thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jades tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool! learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doſt thou think I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation ——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece.*

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation ——

Ther.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s beauty: I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike *him.*

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs, thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs, do, camel, do, do.

SCENE II. *Enter* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this? How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. [*Beating him.*

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part

of a ſparrow. This Lord, *(Achilles) Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What? [Ajax *offers to ſtrike him*, Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax* —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall —

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo—a great deal of your wit too lyes in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your Grandſires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to —

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt,
That *Hector,* by the fifth hour of the ſun,
Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy,*
To-morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dares
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis traſh; farewel!

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exe.*

SCENE III. Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen,* and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector,* what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Grecks* than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The worm of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the wound. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen.* I mean of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us

(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
So great as our dread father in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte, moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons.
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a ſword imploy'd is perilous,
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like children *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a ſtar dis-orb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Troi. What is ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But Value dwells not in particular will,
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected's merit.

Troi.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid
(Although my will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks:*
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants —
If you'll avouch 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands
And cry'd, *ineſtimable*;) why d'you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
What we have ſtol'n, That we do fear to keep!
Baſe thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtol'n!
What in *their* country did *them* that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Caſſandra *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans,* cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans,* cry, practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris,* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans,* cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus,* do not the high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector,*
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her bráin-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And *Jove* forbid there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well your counſels, as my undertakings:
For I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall,
So to be valiant is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion! can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloſs'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners; now

What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſigns:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I preſume brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*;
I have a roaſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was advertis'd their great General ſlept,
This I preſume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

Ther. How now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! would it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me; 'ſfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execretions. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay *Amen!* What ho! my Lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'ſt not have ſlip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if ſhe that lays thee out ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen! Where's *Achilles?*

Pat. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion —— why haſt thou not ſerved thy ſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Pat. Thy lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll derive the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Pat. You raſcal ——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator; it ſuffices me thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Chalcas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body; come in with me, *Therſitrs.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Pat. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Aga.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent us meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt perchance he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why? —— let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord. [*To* Agamem.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who? *Therſites?*

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie; His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus;*
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,

Cannot

Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; you ſhall not ſin
If you do ſay we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note
Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And undergo in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping giant; tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied;
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter. [*Exit* Ulyſ.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs

glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes but it ſelf in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion, rages
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens
Cry, *No recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in the tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles.* Shall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf, ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than him?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as *Achilles'* is,
By going to *Achilles:* for that were
But to enlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, Achilles *go to him!*

Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax. If I go to him —— with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride;
Let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paultry inſolent fellow ——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o'my mind ——

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple, ——

Neſt. He's not yet through warm, force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My Lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man —— but 'tis before his face ——
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax

Ajax. A whorſon dog! that pálters thus with us ——
Would he were a *Trojan!*
Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now ——
Ulyſ. If he were proud!
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe!
Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly-born!
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected!
Ulyſ. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition!
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half! and for thy ſtrength and vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To ſinewy *Ajax!* I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a borne, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax'*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax.*
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax.*
Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Paris's *Apartment in the Palace in* TROY.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*]

Pan. FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. 'Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. Are you in the ſtate of grace?

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: Honour and Lordſhip are my titles: What muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul.

Pan. Who? my couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady

Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus:* I will make a complemental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell,* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, we'll hear you ſing certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me: but, marry thus, my Lord; my dear Lord and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus,* honey-ſweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to——

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, i'faith: and to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Helen. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord ——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you —— You muſt know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, my good Lord; why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida?* no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy ——

Pan. You ſpy? what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none o' him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'thee now; by my troth, ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may ——

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe lovers cry, oh oh they die:
Yet, that which ſeems the wound to kill,

Doth

Doth turn, oh oh, to ha ha he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha — hey ho!

Helen. In love i'faith to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers? Sweet Lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, Lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam*'s hall,
To greet the warriors. *Helen,* I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white inchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector.*

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris:*
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pandarus's *Orchard.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. Now, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, Sir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off. [*To the Servant.*

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! Gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it inchants my ſenſe; what will it be
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys,
As doth a battel when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were 'fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe,
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you

you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you * i'th' files: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtain and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs thy miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faulcon as good as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's *in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably* —— come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus!

Cre. Wiſht, my Lord! The Gods grant—O, my Lord!

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what dreg eſpies my too curious ſweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſt.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear, in all *Cupid*'s pageant there is preſented no monſter?

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite, and the

* Alluding to the cuſtom of putting the men ſuſpected of cowardice in the middle places.

execution

execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we will not name deſert before his birth, and being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what envy can ſay worſt ſhall be a mock 'fore his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

SCENE V. *Enter* Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not 'till now ſo much
But I might maſter it — in faith I lie —
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too

Too head-ſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelf a man:
Or that the women had mens privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.
[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; — O heav'ns, what have I done! —
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid?*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow-morning—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
A ſign you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth,

Out-

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Oh that perſwaſion could but thus convince me!
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
Cre. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous fight!
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies; truth tired with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as plantage * to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe
And ſanctifie the numbers.
Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old, and hath forgot it ſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood; when they've ſaid as falſe
As air, as water, wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.* ——

* It was heretofore the prevailing opinion that the production and growth of Plants depended much upon the influences of the Moon: and the rules and directions given for ſowing, planting, grafting, pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increaſe, or waining of the Moon.

Pan.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs. Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* let all inconſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers-between *Pandars:* ſay *Amen.*

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen! Whereupon I will ſhew you a chamber with a bed; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to do you ſervice am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What would'ſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,

I know, is ſuch a reſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*.
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomede* bear him,
And bring us *Craſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Achilles *and* Patroclus, *appear before their Tent.*

Ulyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th' entrance of his tent;
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him.
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*?

Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* would he ought with us?

Neſt. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt.

Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*
Pat. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were uſe to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles,*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with fortune
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders,
(The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,)
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks, who do methinks find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes!*
I'll interrupt his reading. — Now, *Ulyſſes!*
Ulyſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted, *

* That is, *how valuable ſoever his parts are.*

How much in Having, or without or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is born here in the face
The bearer knows not, but it commends it ſelf
To others eyes: nor doth the eye it ſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold it ſelf
Not going from itſelf, but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others form.
For ſpeculation turns not to it ſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee it ſelf; this is not ſtrange.

Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who in his circumſtance expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which like an arch reverb'rates
The voice again, or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt
In this I read, and apprehended here
Immediately the unknown *Ajax:* heavens!
What a man's there? a very horſe, that has
He knows not what: in nature what things there are
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth! now ſhall we ſee to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd! O heavens, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men ſleep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes:

How

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* Lords! why, ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. This I do believe:
They paſs'd by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word nor good look:
What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſ. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitude.
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: perſeverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty Mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a-breaſt: keep then the path:
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way
Or turn aſide from tho direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, much o'er-top yours.
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps the in-comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
And Farewel goes out ſighing. Let not virtue
Seek remuneration for the thing it was.
For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born gaudes,

Tho' they are made and molded of things paſt;
And give to duſt that is a little gilt
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once for thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thy ſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.
Ulyſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.
Achil. Ha! ſay you known!
Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep;
Keeps pace with thought; and almoſt like the Gods
Does even our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump,
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great Hector's *ſiſter did* Achilles *win*,
But our great Ajax *bravely beat down* Hector.

Farewel,

Farewel, my Lord — I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Pat. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrain you thus.
Oh, rouſe your ſelf! and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector!* ——

Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*;
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T' invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the combat,
To ſee us here: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of peace,
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX. *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther.

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and ſo there is, but it lyes as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *good morrow*, Ajax, and he replied, *thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you, of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, Captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, *&c.* Do this.

Pat. Jove bleſs great *Ajax.*

Ther. Hum——

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther. Hum——

Pat. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. Agamemnon!——

Pat. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Yout anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am ſure none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil, Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it; I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede, *with torches.*

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long,
As you, Prince *Paris,* nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, Lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek, Æneas,* take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir!
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute!

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and ſo long, health;

But

But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face back — in human gentleneſs
Welcome to *Troy* — now by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome indeed — by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize. *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the ſun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting,
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you: 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid.*
Let's have your company; or, if your pleaſe,
Haſte there before. I conſtantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach;
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy.*
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, Lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?

My

My ſelf, or *Menelaus?*

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her that doth ſeek her
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more,
But he as you, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, *Paris,*
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede,* you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what w' intend not to ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not —
To bed, to bed, —— ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day,

Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee tarry:
You men will never tarry—fooliſh *Creſſida!*
I might have ſtill held off, and then you would
Have tarried longer. Hark, there is one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid? where's my couſin *Creſſid?*

Cre. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll ne'er be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*, haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not (naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did I not tell you?——would he were knock'd o'th' head—who's that at door?—good uncle, go and ſee.—My Lord, come you again into my chamber:—you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha—

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knock—pray you come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

SCENE III. *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo harſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The Lady *Creſſida*.

Troi. Is it ſo concluded?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general ſtate of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the ſecreteſt of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? the devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah! ——

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus.* O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus.* Time and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can:
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it. I'll go in and weep ——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus.* I'll not go from *Troy.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus,*
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.

Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,

And

And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than that
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying droſs,

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, —a, ſweet duck!—

Cre. O *Troilus, Troilus!*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too: *O heart,* (as the goodly ſaying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again;

Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy?*

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy* and *Troilus.*

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now with a robber's haſte
Crams his rich thiev'ry up he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heav'n,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, *come*, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!*
When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us: —
I ſpeak not *be thou true*, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But *be thou true* ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you then?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels

To

To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.
Cre. O heav'ns! *be true* again?
Troi. Hear why I ſpeak it, love: the *Grecian* youths
Are full of ſubtle qualities, they're loving,
They're well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon—
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.
Cre. O heav'ns! you love me not.
Troi. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I can't ſing
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think I will?
Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my Lord—
Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother *Troilus!*
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My Lord, will you be true?
Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch meer ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the Lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair, and by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam*'s is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Plead your fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee
By praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, *be't ſo*;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour — *no*.

Troi. Come to the port — I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand — and as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning!
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*'s fault. Come, come to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready ſtrait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage;
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Ulyſ. Yet no trumpet anſwers.

Achil. It is but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas*' daughter?

Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede *and* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſida?*

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet Lady! *

Dio.

* ----- ſweet Lady!
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Pat. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:

For

Dio. Lady, a word —— I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomedes *leads out* Creſſida.

Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her:
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body:
Oh theſe Encounterers! tho' glib of tongue,
They give a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The *Trojans* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the ſtate of *Greece!* what ſhall be done

For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyſ. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns.
Pat. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs ----- this mine -----
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Pat. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: Lady, by your leave.
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Pat. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, Lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet Lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſ. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why beg then.
Ulyſ. Why then for *Venus'* ſake give me a kiſs:
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his -----
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Dio. Lady, a word -----, *&c.*

To

To that victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall they be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bad aſk.

Aga. Which way ſhould *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede:* go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath: Manly

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*; one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches, and with private ſoul
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*

SCENE IX. Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there, *Ajax*.
[*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great Lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my ſire's; by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus ——
Couſin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*

Thou

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolemus'* ſire ſo mirable
(On whoſe bright creſt Fame with her loud'ſt O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement; farewel, *Ajax*.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.
Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.
Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*
Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bid thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer? *Æne.*

Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*

Hect. O —— you, my Lord —— by *Mars* his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath; [thanks.
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus'* glove.
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon —— I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders by,
Lo! Jupiter *is yonder dealing life.*
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. Thus I've ſeen thee,
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good,
But, by great *Mars* the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor.*

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.

Hect. I would they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time ——

Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſie.

Ulyſ

Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue.
My propheſie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.
Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator Time
Will one day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord *Ulyſſes:* now,
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with view exact perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that ſtithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never ——

Ajax. Do not chaſe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be at odds with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field,
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Exeun*

SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid*.

Troi. Shall I, ſweet Lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither?

Ul

Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover
There, that now wails her abſence?

Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Pat. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty botch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy.*

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound. *

Pat. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-harlot.

Pat. Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſtume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palm, incurable bone-ake, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous debaucheries!

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

* In this anſwer *Therſites* only quibbles upon the word *Tent.*

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk; thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye; thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Pat. Nut-gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battel:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair love, *
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it,
Fall *Greek*, fail fame; honour, or go, or ſtay,
By major vows lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves † quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, (the primitive ſtatue, and antique memorial of cuckolds) a thrifty ſhoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is of, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice farced with wit turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs: to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what

* This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*.

† Meaning wanton Women: *Quails* being of ſo hot a conſtitution that it is a proverb among the *French*, *Chaud comm' une caille*. And *Des cailles coiffées* is an expreſſion uſed by *Rabelais*.

I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not to be the lowſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. ——
Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*, welcome, Princes all.
Aga. So, now, fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night. *Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good-night to the *Greeks'* General.
Men. Good-night, my Lord.
Hect. Good-night, ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draff—ſweet, quoth a—ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.
Achil. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe that go or tarry.
Aga. Good-night.
Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries; you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector*.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyſ. Fo'low his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent:
I'll keep you company [*To* Troilus.
Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.
Hect. And ſo good-night.
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ſeverally all but* Therſites.

Ther. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the ſun borrows of the

moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog *him*: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after —Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian! hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt.

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn—

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath? Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomede!* *Dio.*

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.
Troi. Thy better muſt.
Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague and madneſs!
Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you —
Ulyſ. Good my Lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my Lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Ulyſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſ. Why, how now, Lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian — why, *Greek* —
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtroaks his cheek.
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will come; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord,
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Re-enter* Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyſ. My Lord!

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that ſleeve? behold it well:
He lov'd me: — O falſe wench! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whoſe was't?

Cre. It is no matter now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.

Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.

Dio. I ſhall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all you Gods — O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.
He that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did ſwear patience.

Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede:* 'faith, you ſhall not, I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not —
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewel! Thou

Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.

Cre. You ſhall not go; — one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Troi. Nor I, by *Pluto:* but that that likes not you,
Pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come: — O *Jove!* — do, come: — I ſhall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*

Cre. Good-night: I pr'thee come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But my heart with the other eye doth ſee. —
Ah poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, *my mind is now turn'd whore.*

Ulyſ. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?

Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*

Troi. She was not ſure.

Ulyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.

Ulyſ. Nor mine, my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

To

To ſtubborn criticks, apt without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid*.
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? No, this is *Diomedes' Creſſid*.
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods delight,
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſet'ſt up with and againſt thy ſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can
Revolt without perdition, loſs aſſume
Reaſon without revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid*.
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth,
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heav'n it ſelf,
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd,
And with another knot five-finger-tied:
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.
Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus* — ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul ——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:

Were

Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſ. O, contain your ſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax your guard ſtays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord, adieu!
Farewel, revolted fair! and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head.

Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Palace in* Troy.

Enter Hector, *and* Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will ſure prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother!

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſwaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector.*

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſwade. [*Exit.* Caſ.

Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews 'till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy.*

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fools-play, by heav'n, *Hector.*
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth!
Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie.
Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf
Am like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave

To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam.*

Caſ. O, *Priam,* yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache,* I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* Andromache.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector:*
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy eyes turn pale!
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector, Hector's *dead! O* Hector!

Troi. Away!

Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector,* I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!

[*Alarum.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede,* believe
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorſon ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi.

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you ——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy* there in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs that loves the whore there might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O'th' other Side, the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft——here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian:* now for thy whore *Trojan:* now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X. *Enter* Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek?* art thou for *Hector's* match? Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee —— live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallow'd one another. I would laugh at that miracle — yet in a ſort, letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair ſteed to my Lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan,*
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. [*Exit Servant.*

SCENE XI. *Enter* Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon* *
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed corſes of the Kings
Epiſtropus and *Odius.* *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimacus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary †
Appalls our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede,*
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles,*
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame.
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* ‡ his horſe,

* The introducing a baſtard ſon of King *Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*.

† This is a fiction taken from the old Story-book which makes a King to come from far to the aſſiſtance of *Troy* with an armed force, and with it a marvellous beaſt call'd *Sagittary*, half Man half horſe, which made great havock among the *Greeks*, and ſtruck terror through their army.

‡ From the ſame book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horſe.

And

And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. O, courage, courage, Princes! great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII. *Enter* Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector! where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head.

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*

Ajax. What wouldſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what, *Troilus!*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand *Diomede.*

Dio. No, he is my prize, I will not look on.

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus!* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; now have at thee, *Hector.*

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
'Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons.*
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,

Em-

Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed — *Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it; now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Exeunt* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek. *

[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*

So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:

* This particular of *Achilles* overpowering *Hector* by numbers, is taken from the old Story-book.

Here

Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles *hath the mighty* Hector *ſlain.*
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth,
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates; *
Come, tye his body to my horſes tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt, marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field,
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector! — the Gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and ſmite all *Troy*
I ſay at once; let your brief plagues be mercy,

* ----- the armies ſeparates;
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye &c.

And

And linger not our ſure deſtructions on!

Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcrietch-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there, Hector's *dead:*
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and rivers of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you.

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy; ignominy, ſhame
[*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited! why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it? — let me ſee —
Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths—

As

As many as be here of *Pandar*'s hall,
Your eyes half out weep out at *Pandar*'s fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
* Some galled gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

* The publick ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the Biſhop of *Winchester*.

CYM-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britain.
CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*
GUIDERIUS, } *Disguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
ARVIRAGUS, } Cadwal, *supposed Sons to* Bellarius.
BELLARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan.
PHILARIO, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Posthumus.
IACHIMO, *Friend to* Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from* Rome.
PISANIO, *Servant to* Posthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
CORNELIUS, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

QUEEN, *Wife to* Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *for some part of the first and second Acts, lyes in* Rome; *for the rest of the Play in* Britain.

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, *day* 2. *nov.* 9. *little besides the names being historical.*

CYM-

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our looks
No more obey the heart ev'n than our courtiers',
But ſeem as do the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded, her huſband baniſh'd, ſhe impriſon'd.
All's outward ſorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore baniſh'd) is a creature ſuch,
As to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing

In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.
2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him far.
1 *Gent.* I don't extend him, Sir; within himſelf
Cruſh him together rather, than unfold
His meaſure fully.
2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?
1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*,
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who in the wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: he liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to the more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. For his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?
1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldeſt of them at three years old,

I'th'

t'th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them!——

1 Gent. Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We muſt forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, *and Attendants.*

Queen. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus,*
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds! My deareſt huſband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,

That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my mistress!
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he buys off my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When

When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE III. *Enter* Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid, hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.

Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heapeſt many
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?

Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way paſt grace.

Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.

Imo. O bleſt that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my throne
A ſeat for baſeneſs.

Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Poſthumus:*
You bred him as my play-fellow; he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!

They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beſeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t' our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?

Piſ. My Lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleaſe you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence

violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it —— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, 'faith, not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, toward your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' th' haven,
And queſtioned'ſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,

And

And I not have it, 'twere as a paper loſt
With offer'd mercy in it. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?
Piſ. 'Twas, *His Queen, his Queen!*
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.
Imo. Senſeleſs linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?
Piſ. No, Madam; for ſo long
As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.
Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him ev'n
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution,
From ſpace, had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept — but, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or could charge him
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with oriſons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. ROME.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he was then but crescent, none expected him to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items.*

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment ——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton.* Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine.

mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans.*

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners aſk what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country-miſtreſſes: This gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſt, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our Ladies in *France.*

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy.*

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profeſs my ſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany:* if ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld, I could believe ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the *moſt* precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail: I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy you think ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with nō more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But I ſee you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are mine, ſo is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in; ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault

assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britain*, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a vial.*

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground gather those flowers. Make haste. Who has the note of them?

Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam; But I beseech your Grace without offence (My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds? Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor, Thou ask'd me such a question; have I not been Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so, That our great King himself doth woo me oft For my confections? having thus far proceeded, Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet That I did amplifie my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, but none human; To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act, and by them gather Their sev'ral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart; Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noyſome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.
Enter Piſanio.
Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [*Aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter's ſake
An enemy to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended,
Take your own way.
Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam. [*Aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To* Piſanio.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. That ſhe has
Will ſtupifie and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt perchance ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.
Queen. No further ſervice,
Doctor, until I ſend.
Cor. I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So

So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the vial.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earneſt of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't as from thy ſelf:
Think what a change thou chanceſt on, but think
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then my ſelf, I chiefly
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women— [*Exit* Piſanio.
Think on my words.—A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter,
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord. I've giv'n him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her ſweet; and which ſhe after
(Except ſhe bend her humour) ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the prim-roſes,
Bear to my cloſet; fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Piſ. I ſhall do ſo:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my ſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a ſtepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd——O, that huſband!
My ſupream crown of grief and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it——had I been thief ſtol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable

Is the degree that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich! [*Aſide.*
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot:
Or like the *Parthian* I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed: Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trueſt Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the reſt, and takes it thankfully—
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall find it ſo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady.
What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin ſtones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; for apes, and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter in this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;

For

For Idiots in this caſe of favour would
Be wiſely definite. Nor in the appetite;
Slutt'ry to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit ev'n emptineſs,
Not ſo allure't to feed.

Imo. What's the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, that tub
Both fill'd and running; ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well.
'Beſeech you, Sir, deſire my man's abode [*To* Piſanio.
Where I did leave him; he is ſtrange and ſheepiſh.

Piſ. I was juſt going, Sir, to give him welcome.
[*Exit* Piſanio.

Imo. Continues well my Lord? his health, 'beſeech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; not a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gamcſome; he is call'd
The *Briton* reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monſieur, that it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home: He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries *Oh!*—
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by

And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'ns bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents, ——
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me
Deſerves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I' th' dungeon by a ſnuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do ——
I was about to ſay, enjoy your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies; or timely known,
The remedy's then born;) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe very touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol? join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour?
Then glad my ſelf by peeping in an eye

Baſe and unluſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow? it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain.*
Iach. And himſelf. Not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtned to an empery
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.
Imo. Reveng'd! alas!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe; if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s prieſteſs, 'twixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? revenge it!
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe as ſure.
Imo. What ho, *Piſanio!* ——
Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.
Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou

Thou wouldſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!* ——
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy ſtranger in his Court to mart
As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us, he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!* ——
Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath, of thee
Deſerves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit: bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthy fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he inchants ſocieties unto him:
Half all mens hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men like a deſcended God;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try you with a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my ſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Beſt feather of our wing,) have mingled ſums
To buy a preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor of the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
Iach. I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-ſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

Clot. WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the *Jack* upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like his that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aſide.*

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my Lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? would he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool. [*Aſide.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my mother; every jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your Lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your Lordſhip only.

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to Court to-night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whoſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your Lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Cloten.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt?
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce hell made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unſhak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord, and this great land! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of it a large trunk. Imogen *is diſcover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen?*

Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam ——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed ——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me—ſleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*

To

To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *rises from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs it self by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss —— rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't! —— 'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'the taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under those curtains white with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct. —— But my design's
To note the chamber —— I will write all down,
Such and such pictures —— there the window —— such
Th' adornment of her bed —— the arras, figures ——
Why, such and such —— and the contents o'th' story ——
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying! Come off, come off. ——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slipp'ry as the *Gordian* knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience do's within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a cow-slip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'n
The treasure of her honour. No more——to what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? Sh' hath been reading late,
The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down

Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough ——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare it's raven-eye *: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE III.

Without the Palace under Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Cloten *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; you are moſt hot and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhall have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick a-mornings, they ſay it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate here with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
Each chalic'd flower ſupplies:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes,
With all the things that pretty bin:
My Lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

* The Raven's eye is remarkably large and grey.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider you
musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears
which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, with the voice of unpav'
eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason
was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service
have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and
to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes
no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your self
To orderly solicits; and befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You are inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from *Rome*;
One's *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, for's goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice: our dear son,
When you have giv'n good-morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need

T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dream. By your leave, ho!
I know her women are about her — what
If I do line one of their hands? —— 'tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, and yield
Their deer to th' ſtand o'th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe my ſelf.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: what's your Lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your Lady's perſon, is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name?
Or to report of you what I think good?
The Princeſs ——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, faireſt; ſiſter, your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still I ſwear I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:

If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me; 'faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clot. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin;
I will not do't.
Imo. Fools cure not mad folks, Sir.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe my ſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.
Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th' Court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their ſouls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet who are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o'th' crown, and muſt not ſoil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth,
A pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,

Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be ſtil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.
Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men.
Clot. How now?
Imo. Piſanio!

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——
Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee preſently.
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe—— go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm—— it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think
I ſaw't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my Lord
That I kiſs ought but him.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go and ſearch. [*Exit* Piſanio.
Clot. You have abus'd me——
His meaneſt garment?——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
Call witneſs to't, if you will make't an action.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meaneſt garment?—— well. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *ROME.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were ſo ſure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commiſſion throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute, ſend th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at Their diſcipline
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Poſt. Sure the ſwift harts have poſted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

Iach. Your Lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But was not yet approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.
Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,

Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confeſs I ſlept not, but profeſs
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilver'd ſilk; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* ſwell'd above the banks or for
The preſs of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was.
Poſt. Why, this is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing; never ſaw I figures
So lively to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted. Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Poſt. What's this t'her honour?
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription

Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: ſee! —
And now 'tis up again; it muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove! ——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm, I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. She pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O, no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe! ——
Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it; or
Who knows one of her women, being corrupted,
Might not have ſtol'n it from her?
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her
More evident than this; for this was ſtole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſwears.
'Tis true —— nay, keep the ring —— 'tis true; I'm ſure
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable! they induc'd to ſteal it!
And by a ſtranger! — no, he hath enjoy'd her.

The

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of——
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetick. Count not the turns:
Once, and a million.
Iach. I'll be sworn——
Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before
Her father—— I'll do something—— [*Exit.*
Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all,
And that most venerable man which I

Did

Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this — Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* — that I thought her
As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour — was't not? —
Or leſs; at firſt? perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
From what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me — for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be't lying, not it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all — for even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them — yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius *and Attendants.*

Cym. NOW ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæſar,* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and tongues

Be theme, and hearing ever) was in *Britain*,
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan* thine uncle
(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it) for him
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius*: *Britain* is
A world it ſelf, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir my Liege,
The Kings your anceſtors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your iſle, which ſtands
As *Neptune*'s park ribbed and paled in
With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters,
With ſand that will not bear your enemies boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*: With ſhame,
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; others of them may have crook'd noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay I am one; but I have a hand.

Why

Why tribute? Why ſhould we pay tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute, we were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th' world, againſt all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, ſuch as we
Reckon our ſelves to be. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our laws whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar* that hath more Kings his ſervants, than
Thy ſelf domeſtick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. War and confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my ſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which as he ſeek's of me again perforce,
Behooves me keep't at utt'rance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would ſhew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: if you ſeek us afterwards

wards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Piſanio *reading a letter.*

Piſ. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monſters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy heart? what falſe *Italian*,
As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready ear? Diſloyal? no,
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More Goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue. Oh my maſter!
Thy mind to hers is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould rather murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command! — I her! — her blood!
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter* [*Reading.*
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, that look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*

Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus?*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that aſtronomer
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content; yet not

That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physick love: of his content
In all but that! Good wax, thy leave — blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods! [*Reading.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your's increasing in love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, *Pisanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio,*
Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind — oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smoth'ring of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessed *Milford:* and by th' way
Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence going
'Till our return, t' excuse — but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or-e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam,'s enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard of wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home t' her father: and provide me present
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but *Milford*-way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Forest with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: stoop, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of Monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain-sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war,
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;

Richer,

Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.
Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt, ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*, how
In this our pinching cave ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing,
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for that we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure: — Oh boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time — but, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of state: I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt* Guiderius *and* Arviragus.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave here on this brow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly
Out at my story: say, *thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on's neck — even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words — The younger brother *Cadwal*,
(Once *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd —

Oh

Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes,
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou 'reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe, they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave;
My ſelf *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Piſanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd his mother ſo
To ſee him firſt, as I have now. *Piſanio*,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thy ſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh thy ſteadier ſenſes — what's the matter?
Why offer'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My huſband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you read,
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

Thy miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou*, Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me*

certain

certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry my ſelf awake? that falſe to's bed!

Piſ. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*,
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
Whoſe feathers are her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion,
And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy revolt, oh huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villainy: not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for Ladies.

Piſ. Madam, hear me — —

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear, took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the level to all proper men;
Goodly and gallant ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;

Fear

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.
Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart —
Something's afore't — ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard! — What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to hereſie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith, you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, *Poſthumus*,
That didſt ſet up my diſobedience
Againſt the King my father, and didſt make
Me put into contempt even the ſuits
Of princely fellows; ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve my ſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me — Pr'ythee diſpatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.
Piſ. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Piſ. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind firſt.

Imo.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent when thou haſt ta'n thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good Lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak.
I've heard I am a ſtrumpet, and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well: it cannot be
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* courtezan——

Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?

Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no farther; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing, *Cloten:*

That

That *Cloten* whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you bide. Where then?
Imo. Hath *Britain* all the ſun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain?* i'th' world's volume
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of *Britain.*
Piſ. I am moſt glad
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman* comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t' appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*, ſo nigh,
That though his action were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
(Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't)
I would adventure.
Piſ. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſawcy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder hap!
Alack, no remedy) to th' greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Piſ.

Pif. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, before *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his ſervice; tell him
Wherein you're happy, which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſick; doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm ſoldier'd to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Haſte away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel,
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper. —To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!

Imo. Amen! I thank thee. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCÈNE V. *The Palace of* Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Cym. Thus far, and ſo farewel.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.

Cym. Our ſubjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for our ſelf

T.

To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir, I deſire
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn.* Happineſs!
[*Exit* Lucius, &c.
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have giv'n him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britons* have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain.*
Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs,
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it ſhould be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? ſhe hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Meſſenger.*
Queen. Royal Sir,
Since th' exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your Majeſty,

Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe? and how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?

Meſ. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giv'n to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.

Queen. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove falſe! [*Ex*

Queen. Son, I ſay; follow you the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Ex*

Queen. Go look after [*To the Meſſeng*
Piſanio,—he that ſtandeth ſo for *Poſthumus*,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour, and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?

Clot. 'Tis certain ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Quee*
Cl

Clot. I love and hate her. For she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than any lady, winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choak'd, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall ——

SCENE VI. *Enter* Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends. [*Drawing his sword.*

Pis. Oh, good my Lord!

Clot. Where is thy Lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus?*
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him; when was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome.*

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of worthy Lord.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus'* throne.

Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this, } *Aſide.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Piſ. I'll write to my Lord ſhe's dead. Oh, *Imogen!* } *Aſide.*
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoe'er I bid thee do, perform it directly and truly; I would think thee an honeſt man, thou ſhouldſt neither want any Means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſ. I have, my Lord, at the lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. *Meet thee at* Milford-Haven — I forgot to aſk him one thing, I'll remember't anon; — even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes — there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body, and when my luſt hath dined, (which as I ſay, to vex her, I will

exe-

execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the Court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, *with a suit of cloaths.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven?*

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To her that is most true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly blessings, on her! this fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen *in boy's cloaths.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tired my self; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain-top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. Oh *Jove*, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
That have affliction on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or tryal? yet no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falshood
Is worse in Kings, than beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to't — 'tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or yield food! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavory; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelf!

Guid. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that
Whilſt what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in —— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an Angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
I have ſtol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd o'th' floor. Here's mony for my meat,
I would have left it on the board ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal: and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid.

Guid. Mony, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.
Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*
Bel. Say, what is your name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy:* he embarques at *Milford,*
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your groom in honesty;
I'd bid for you, as I would buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers — Would it had been so that they
Had been my father's sons; then had my price
Been less, and so more equal balancing
To thee, *Posthumus.* } *Aside.*
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Guid. Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger; Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a Court no bigger than this cave,

That

That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak.

Guid. I pray draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs welcome! [*Exeunt.* *

SCENE VIII. Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me! *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,

* ----- leſs welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians,*
And that the legions now in *Gallia,* are
Full weak to undertake our war againſt
The fall'n off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-conſul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar!*

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*

1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoken of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

So

So needful for this preſent! it ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I ſet it at your will: but for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains, why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech you,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman* legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with large ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon and Queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt* Cymbeline *and Lords.*

Piſ. I've had no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to *Cloten*, but remain

Per-

Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt; not true, true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt. *Enter* Cloten *alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving reverence of the word,) becauſe 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to my ſelf, for it is no vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this ill-perſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, I'll ſpurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! fortune put them into my hand! this is the very deſcription of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Front of the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come t'you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man ſhould be,

But

But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me,
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of't. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf, and let me die
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs! *
I'm not their father, yet who this ſhould be
Doth miracle it ſelf; lov'd before me! ——
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health —— ſo pleaſe you, Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind creatures, Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at Court: †

* ----- breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe;
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not, &c.

† ----- but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou diſprov'ſt report.
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers, as ſweet fiſh:
I am ſick ſtill, &c.

I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick —— *Piſanio*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the vial.*
Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid that he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field!
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen.
Bel. And ſo ſhalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.
Arv. How angel-like he ſings!
Guid. But his neat cookery!
Arv. He cut our roots in characters,
And ſauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh.*
Guid. Yes, I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root from thy increaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

SCENE III. *Enter* Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

* ----- a ſigh:
As if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Guid. I do note, &c.

Bel.

Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o'th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh ——
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* Bellarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineers ——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art
Why I ſhould yield to thee.
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My taylor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool,
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.
Guid. *Cloten* then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad,
Adder, or ſpider, it would move me ſooner.
Clot. Then to thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know

I'm ſon to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear, the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads;
Yield, mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bellarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him ſure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.

Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of daring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But ſee thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no mony in't; nor *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear no law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it: howſoe'er
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon *Cloten*.
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Paladour*, thou hadſt not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Paladour*,

I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro'
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a mariſh of ſuch *Cloten's* blood,
And praiſe my ſelf for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thy ſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.
Re-enter Guiderius.
Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſie to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*
Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark.
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear mother
I

It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter? *

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty;
And turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.

Bel. Oh melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in? — thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made: but ah!
Thou dy'ſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy.
Tell me, how found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he ſlept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but ſleeps;
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,
With female Fairies will his tomb be-haunted
And worms will not come near him.

Arv. With faireſt flow'rs,

* ----- The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

SCENE V. &c.

(Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,)
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave, Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*, which, not to ſlander't
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-gown thy coarſe. ——
Guid. Pr'ythee have done.
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground
As once our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He has paid for that: the mean and mighty rotting
Together have one duſt; yet reverence,
(The angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was Princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Guid. Pray fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good *Ajax'*,
When neither are alive.

Arv.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt: brother, begin.
[*Exit* Bellarius.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we muſt lay his head to th' eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' th' ſun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' th' great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all dreaded thunder ſtone.*
Guid. *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *And no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
Unremoved be thy grave.

Enter Bellarius *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves. —— Upon the face ——
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo

These

These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow,
Come on, away, apart upon our knees——
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Imogen *awakes.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?——
I thank you — by yond bush — pray how far thither? —
'Ods pittikins — can it be six mile yet?——
I've gone all night — 'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow: —— oh Gods, and Goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the cares on't. —— I hope I dream;
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! —— the garments of *Posthumus?*
I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *Mercurial*, his *Martial* thigh,
The arms of *Hercules:* but his *Jovial* face——
Murther in heav'n! — how! — 'tis gone — *Pisanio!* —
All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
'Twas thou conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Hast here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous! Damn'd *Pisanio*
Hath with his forged letters —— damn'd *Pisanio* ——
From this the bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How should this be? *Pisanio!* —
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them

Have

Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,
[*To the Soothsayer.*
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last very night the Gods shew'd me a vision,
(I fasting pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing
From th' spungy south, to this part of the west,
There vanish in the sun beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! ——
Or dead, or sleeping on him: but dead rather:

For

For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He's alive, my Lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did it,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master bleeding: say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Camp. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon't. Say you, Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele.
Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters
Sent by a Consul to me should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And

And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh,
And leaving ſo his ſervice follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave; come, * arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. The noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britons* ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death, we being not known nor muſter'd
Among the bands may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture,
Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,

* *That is,* Take him up in your arms.

Be-

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.
Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you ſee,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſie your cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your ſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like my ſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of *Romans!*
Arv. So ſay I, *Amen!*
Bel. No reaſon I, ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,

That

That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their blood thinks ſcorn,
[*Aſide.*
'Till it flie out, and ſhew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Poſt. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? oh *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones. —— Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more; you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers thrift.
But *Imogen*'s your own: do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt t' obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe *Italian* weeds, and ſuit my ſelf
As do's a *Briton* peaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus not known,
Pitied, or hated, to the face of peril
My ſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit ſhews;

Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another:* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a Lady,
The Princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? knighthoods, honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn;
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battel continues; the Britons *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue,* Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britons. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy ſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Field of Battel.

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britiſh *Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did.

Though

Though you it ſeems came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the King himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britons* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtraight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an antient ſoldier,
An honeſt one I warrant, who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd) *For ſhame*
Make good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our Britain's *harts die flying, not our men*;
To darkneſs fleet ſouls that fly backwards: ſtand,
Or we are Romans, *and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand — Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing;) with this word *Stand, ſtand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance, gilded pale looks
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit-renew'd; that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (oh a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions

Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſer, a retire; anon
A rout confuſion-thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
Some ſlain before, ſome dying, ſome their friends
O'er-born i' th' former wave; ten chac'd by one
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe that would die or e'er reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.
Lord. This was ſtrange chance;
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it; tho' you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. *
Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. This is a Lord; oh noble miſery
To be i' th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd, †
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange, he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; and hath more miniſters than we

* -----Than to work any.
Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britons, *was the* Romans *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhymes.
Lord. Farewel, *&c.*

† Meaning that his woe ſeem'd as a charm which protected him.

That

That draw his knives in war. Well, I will find him
For being now a favourer to the *Roman*,
No more a *Briton*; I've resum'd again
The part I came in; fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britons must take! For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who is there?

Post. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him, a dog!
A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his service
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Posthumus, *and two Goalers.*

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture. [*Exeunt Goalers.*

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry?

So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfie,
I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every ſtamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather mine, being yours: and ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.—— [*He ſleeps.*

* * * *

* * * * *Here follows a* Viſion, *a* Maſque, *and a* Propheſy, *which interrupt the Fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this Act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for meer ſhow, and apparently not of* Shakeſpear.

† † †

Solemn muſick: Enter as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more thou thunder-maſter
Shew thy ſpite, on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy adulteries
Rates and revenges
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending nature's law.
Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans father art)
Thou ſhouldſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes,

The

SCENE IV. Cymbeline's *Tent*.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast
From her his dearest one:
Sweet *Imogen!*
Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousie,
And to become the geck and scorn
O'th' other's villainy?
2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and *Tenantius'* right
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help,
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.
2 *Bro.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy justice flie.

Jupiter

That the poor ſoldier that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before ſhields of proof,) cannot be found:

Jupiter deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghoſts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more you petty ſpirits of region low
Offend our hearing; huſh! how dare you ghoſts
Accuſe the thunderer, whoſe bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium*, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our Godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*.
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein [Jupiter *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure, his full fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away, no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount eagle to my palace chryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his celeſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*.

Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt.

Poſt. Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone---- they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake---- Poor wretches that depend
On greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers,
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

[Reads.]

When as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as mad-men
Tongue and brain not: do either both or nothing;
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for ſympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Poſt. So if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir, but the comfort is, you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty; the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death hath eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take upon your ſelf that which I am ſure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's-end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſeek the way of blindneſs: I am ſure ſuch hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news, I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor luck.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[*To* Bellarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees,
Arise my Knights o'th' battel; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.
Enter Cornelius *and Ladies.*
There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*,

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler: no bolts for the dead.
[*Exeunt.*

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live for all he be a *Roman:* and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were desolation of goalers, and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV, *&c.*

Cor.

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waste you. In which time she propos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd in despight
Of heav'n and men, her purposes: repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Yet mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious

To

To have miſtruſted her. Yet oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *Priſoners*, Poſthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britons* have ras'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which our ſelf have granted.
So think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our pris'ners with the ſword. But ſince the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.——
Auguſtus lives to think on't.——And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat; my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which I'll make bold your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore
To ſay, *Live, boy:* ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And aſk of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplext?
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *go aside.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One sand
Another doth not more resemble, than
He the sweet rosie lad who died, and was
Fidele.
Guid. Ev'n the same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke t'us.
Guid. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. 'Tis my mistress—— [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth, [*To* Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatneſs and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and, (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more?
Cym. All that
Belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember — give me leave, I faint — [*Swoons.*
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus* ——
What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones —— ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of *Italy*
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for ſtature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*;

Poſtures

Poſtures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides, that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye——
Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity; there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By her and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring,
(And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's car.) Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely; for my vantage excellent:
And to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(Oh cunning how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now ——
Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come — oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou King, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than my self,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she her self. ——
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'th' street to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear ——
Post. Shall's have a play of this? thou scornful page,
There lye thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*
Pis. Oh gentlemen, oh, help,
Mine and your mistress — Oh, my Lord *Posthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now — help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady —
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?

Ima.

Imo. Oh, get thee from my ſight,
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*
Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing! I had it from the Queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill?
Imo. It poiſon'd me.
Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerved
As I would ſerve a rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*
Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which being ta'en would ſeize
The preſent power of life, but in ſhort time
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Guid. This is ſure *Fidele.*
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
[*To Poſt.*
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
[*Throwing her arms about his neck.*
Throw me again.
Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guiderius *and* Arviragus.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſ. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my Lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket, which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purchaſe, and with oath to violate
My Lady's honour: What became of him
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell the tale of me.

Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and muſt

Endure

Endure our law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my Lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for. Let his arms alone, [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tempting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt
For mine own part unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good yours.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'ſt, great King, a ſubject, who was call'd
Bellarius.
Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed a baniſh'd man,
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy; here's my knee:

Ere

Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen that call me father
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine,
They are the iſſue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my iſſue?

Bel. So ſure as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
It ſelf and all my treaſon: That I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes,
(For ſuch and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beatings for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children —
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger Princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand

Of his Queen-mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar,
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'aſt loſt by this a Kingdom.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers,
When ye were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, until we thought ſhe died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? and whither? theſe,
And your three motives to the battel, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time nor place
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;

And

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [*To* Bellarius.
Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.
Iach. I am down again: [*Kneels.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
And here your bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post.

Poſt. Your ſervant, Princes. *

Cym. By peace we will begin: and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen,
On whom heav'n's juſtice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion

* ----- *Poſt.* Your ſervant, Princes.
Good my Lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothſayer*: as I ſlept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this moſt conſtant wife, who even now
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who by *Bellarius* ſtol'n
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes *Britain* peace and plenty.

Cym. By peace we will begin: *&c.*

Which

Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the beams o'th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march,
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the EIGHTH VOLUME.